

get wrecked wheeler by angelsprunch

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Summary:

mike is a shit and all of his friends have punched him at least once.
except for el, she did something else.

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Author's Note:

so this is weak bc i'm not v confident in how i write for this fandom but i'm going to keep trying to write for it so i can get better !! this was inspired by a post by @willmike on tumblr about how all the losers have been in love with bill at least once and all the party members have wanted to punch mike at least once

Max Mayfield wasn't the first person to want to punch Mike Wheeler. She wasn't even the first in the party to want to punch him and yes, she was a member of the party no matter how often Mike tried to tell her that she wasn't. Lucas Sinclair, unsurprisingly, was the first person to want to punch Mike in the face. They had known each other since before school. Their houses were close together so their mothers were friends and the boys often played together. Sometimes Mike would steal a toy from Lucas or the other way around, other times they'd just wrestle like kids do. It wasn't uncommon for them to hit each other but a parent almost always intervened and made the boys apologize to each other. It was never anything serious and they were still best friends.

In kindergarten, Lucas and Mike were in separate classes and Mike was all alone once again. He saw Will sitting on the swings alone and decided to approach him. Mike was nervous and he softly asked the smaller boy if he would be his friend. Will said yes and invited Mike to sit on the swing beside him. The two were good friends after that. Mike introduced Will to Lucas and Lucas was eager to expand their group. Will was much less physical than Lucas was with Mike, but the two still bickered. Sometimes Mike would make some sort of assumption and try to speak for Will since he was so soft spoken and Will would look helplessly to Lucas who always shut Mike down and allowed Will to speak for himself.

In third grade they were all sitting in Mike's basement. They were playing around and Mike started talking over Will. Will looked around helplessly and he didn't know what else he could do to tell Mike that he hated when he did that. Lucas didn't catch on and he was instead focused on organizing his Monopoly money. Will remembered that when Jonathan or his mother would talk over his father that his father would react physically. He'd push one of them or he'd do something to shut them up. It worked for his father and his father always spoke as if he always knew what to do. Maybe it would work for him. Will sat up a little straighter and looked at Mike. "Let me talk, Mike." he tried, remembering how his mother would always use her words to diffuse situations.

Mike nodded and he passed the dice to Lucas so he could roll. He mumbled an apology to Will and Will smiled a bit and he started talking about how nice the people that sat with him at lunch were. It went nice until Will forgot the word for card and he couldn't properly ask Lucas to pass him one of the Chance cards. Mike swooped in to save the day and Will bit the inside of his cheek in frustration. He went up on his knees and pushed Mike's shoulders earning a shocked look from his friend. "Why don't you let me talk?" he shouted as his fist connected with Mike's cheek. Lucas looked like he was going to intervene, but Will was already moving away fast. Both boys had a look of horror in their eyes and there were tears streaming down both their cheeks.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I didn't-- I shouldn't have-- It's what my dad does and I thought-- I was wrong. I'm so sorry. Mike, don't cry. Please don't cry. I'm sorry." Will had apologies falling from his lips faster than he could process. Lucas inched towards Mike who was cupping his cheek and pulled Mike's hand away. Will moved closer to Mike and took his hand with a scared expression. Mike turned to look at him with wide eyes and for a moment Will wished that Mike would speak for him because he didn't know what to say. "Please don't stop being my friend. It won't happen again. I swear. You can hit me if you want." he pleaded.

Mike offered a weak smile and shook his head. "I don't want to hit you. Of course we can still be friends. I'll... let you speak more. I'm sorry. I know I can be a real butthead." he said, squeezing Will's. Lucas sighed in relief when they fixed it and Will leaned in to press a kiss to where he had punched Mike. "It's all better now." Mike declared and he pulled both of his friends in for a tight hug. Will promised to never hurt his friends again that day. He swore that he wouldn't do anything that his father did, either.

Dustin joined their friend group in fourth grade. Troy teased him for his lisp and Lucas told Dustin that it would be okay. Lucas explained that he could join their party because they stuck together and none of them cared about what Troy had to say. Dustin wiped away his tears and smiled because of how friendly Lucas was. The other's welcomed Dustin with open arms and his heart swelled with joy. He never thought he'd find friends like this and it made him so happy to feel like he belonged somewhere.

Middle school started and things didn't get easier for the four boys, but they hung out almost every afternoon. Fridays they would pack their backpacks up and go to Mike's house where they'd spend the entire weekend working on their campaign in the basement. Mike would sleep on the couch with Will and Dustin and Lucas would sleep on the floor in their sleeping bags. It felt right to all of them to be together and they each wondered if they'd ever find friends like the ones they found as children.

One day in the basement, Lucas and Mike were arguing over what the die landed on when Will rolled it. Will had tried to get them to stop arguing, but they didn't hear him. Eventually Lucas stood up from his chair and glared at Mike. "You don't get to make all the rules just because it's your house."

“No. I get to make all the rules because I’m the dungeon master.”

“Who even chose you as the dungeon master?!”

“It doesn’t matter! I’m in charge!”

Lucas shot Mike a dirty look and pushed him. Mike glared at Lucas and got up, pushing him in return. The two boys stared at each other for a few seconds as if in a silent communication. It was almost like they were waiting for the other one to make a move or concede. After about fifteen seconds Lucas moved to punch Mike. Mike stumbled back and brought his hands to his face and glared at Lucas again. “I’m still in charge.” he said as Will went to get an ice pack from upstairs. They didn’t talk much about that, but Dustin and Will assumed that Lucas and Mike made peace because when morning came they were laughing and joking as if nothing happened.

When Eleven joined their group and Will went missing it put an obvious strain on everything. It drove a wedge between Lucas and Mike leaving Dustin trying to pick up the pieces. As fast as Eleven showed up, she was gone again and Will was back in their party. They were all ecstatic to have Will back, but Mike was very distraught over the loss of El. It was getting on the nerves of the boys, but no one had the heart to tell him to shut up. It wasn’t until it was just Dustin and Mike that Dustin finally told him.

“We get that you miss El. We all miss her, but you bring her up in literally every conversation. It’s getting really annoying, dude.”

“So I’m not allowed to miss her now?”

“I didn’t say that. I’m just saying maybe you shouldn’t bring her up so much.”

“You guys just want to replace El with Max. Max isn’t even that cool, she’s just annoying.”

Dustin groaned and pushed Mike’s shoulder with his own. “Pull your head out of your ass. We’re just being friendly. We were just being friendly with El and now we’re being friendly with Max.”

Mike turned to face Dustin and pushed him, hard. “You don’t care about El and you’re happy that she’s gone. Lucas never liked her and Will never even knew her. You’re just stupid.”

“Shut up, Mike! You’re just mad because El is gone and we’re not following your lead anymore.” Dustin said, moving to get up. Mike followed him up and pushed him again.

“Admit it. Admit that you never gave a shit about El.”

“I’m leaving, Mike.” Dustin declared but Mike kept pushing him and trying to get a reaction out of him. Dustin paused and stared at Mike for a moment before he pushed him back. The two started to wrestle and Dustin accidentally punched Mike in the face.

“Shit, Mike, I’m sorry.” Dustin said, pulling away to see a bit of swelling underneath of Mike’s left eye.

“No you’re not.” he said, sitting up. Mike glared at Dustin and Dustin sighed, letting himself out. There was no reasoning with Mike and it was better if they both took some time away from each other.

Max was the next one to hit Mike. After everything settled and El was officially back in the party, Max thought that she’d be a part of it as well. She nearly risked her life and she stood up to Billy, Max thought she had done more than proven herself to him. Still, Mike was insisting on trying to leave Max out of everything that they all did together. Luckily Dustin and Lucas would invite her and roll their eyes at Mike’s behavior.

“Hey, asshole, why don’t you just tell me that you don’t like me?” Max demanded one afternoon after school let out. She was on her skateboard and Mike was getting his bike out of the bike rack.

“Okay, I don’t like you.” he said without even looking up.

“Why? What the hell did I do to you?”

“You’re annoying. Isn’t that enough?”

“Well you’re whiny and you’re a piece of shit. Your friends all like me. Maybe they should get rid of you in favor of me.”

“They only like you because Lucas kissed you.”

Max put her foot down to stop her skateboard from moving and glared at Mike. “That isn’t true.” she demanded, picking her board up and walking towards him. She grabbed his shoulder and turned him around to face her. “Take it back.”

“It is true!”

“It is not! They wanted me in the party before that. Lucas wouldn’t have told me all that stuff if it wasn’t the case.”

“Whatever you want to believe.” Mike shrugged and he turned around to get on his bike. Max stopped him and turned him around to face her again. She dropped her board to the floor and pulled her arm back to punch Mike.

“It isn’t true, asshole!” she said. It wasn’t a strong punch and Max knew that. She wasn’t trying to hurt him, she didn’t want to be like Billy. On the other hand, Max wasn’t going to let a boy disrespect her the same way that her step-brother did. “I’m a good person and I’m a valuable member of your party.” she stated, glaring at him as she picked up her board.

“You hit like a girl!” Mike called as she walked away, hand on his cheek.

When they started high school, Eleven was going by Jane. Jane had warmed up to Max and taken advice from Nancy to welcome Max because “girls look out for girls”. She was sitting in Mike’s basement while the boys planned their next campaign for Dungeons and Dragons. Mike had tried to teach it to her a few times, but Jane had shown little interest so he eventually gave up. Max was never invited to play and she pretended that it didn’t bother her. While they were planning it, Max tried to offer a few suggestions but Mike shut her down.

“Can you stop?” Mike finally said, exasperated.

“What I’m trying to help?” Max defended with a frown.

“Well, stop. You’re annoying.”

This grabbed Jane’s attention and she looked up from the comic that Dustin had given her. She leaned forward and tapped Mike on the shoulder. “Max isn’t annoying.”

“Yes she is. She’s only in this party because Lucas had a crush on her.”

“No. That’s not true.”

“Yes it is, El.”

Jane frowned and shook her head. Mike only nodded in return and Jane stared at him for a moment while she concentrated. It took a few seconds but Mike slid across the floor and his back hit the wall, hard. "Friends. Don't. Lie." she said, tone serious. The other's watched with curiosity while Mike sulked back to the table. "Max isn't annoying, she's lovely." Jane said as she picked the comic book back up.

"Yeah, whatever." Mike mumbled, sitting back down.